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Bomb. Training Center
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F.W. Loops Lt, A.C.

Bomb. Training Center
A.P.O. 525
May 28, 1943

Hello Folks:-

Being as how I have all my immediate needs attended to, - guess I might as well bring you up to date, as twere, - But that wont take long so I guess I'll have to fabricate a bunch of lies to help fill up space!

As I said in my V mail letter - we returned to our B.T.C. - the other day - and as our flying schedule here hasn't started, we have used our time scratching our noodles and trying to make our tent home livable. - The rest of the time - we enjoy life as vacationers!

To start with - there are three types of quarters - 1, some barracks (1st class elite), 2. some tents on cement foundations (the 410), and 3. - just plain tents on just plain ol' African dirt (3rd class - the commoners!) - and that's us - just plain dirt!

Our tent first had to be cleared of underbrush + stuff, - and then, 'cause it was late in the afternoon - we just shaded up a spot to spread our bed roll out on, being careful to leave a slight indentation for our - ahems! - cause it's not the first time

— we've slept on the ground and we know what's necessary for human comfort. The indentation makes our bodies lie flat so that you don't feel walked on the next morning — and by spading up the ground before hand — well — it passes fairly well as a mattress and gives you a chance to remove rocks and stones that have a strange habit of appearing in the small of your back around 2 or 3 in the morning!

The next morning we were up bright + early — searching the field over for scrap wood + nails to salvage. Our enlisted men joined us in this effort and with their help and the limited amount of materials + equipment — we built frames for our beds. Talk about ingenuity — you never realize how much you can do until you have to. Our bed rolls stretched out on the frame — together with some straw in a matress cover, makes quite the nicest bed I've slept in for some time — I can really knock off the slumber now!

Naturally we still eat out of mess-kits which are a lot of bother — but we get along. The main objection to them is in the way we have to wash them. — So many using the same water makes it impossible to really get them clean — that is of grease + stuff. So — every so often — in lieu of steel wool,

billo, - or what have you -, - you have to look up some dirt (sand) - found anywhere under your feet, - and scrub out your kits in a real primitive style. - It does a nice job tho - but what many forget - they must be washed in water afterwards - which again leaves grease. - If you don't wash 'em you are likely to get a lovely case of diarea (how do you spell it?). - That, I learned at Keesler Field, - so you can see how all my experiences add up!

The other day - I solved another little matter too. - Our drinking water is what we have in our canteens - and in this heat - well, - a cool drink really tastes good - but the problem ~~wh~~ was - how to get it cool? - So - finally one day it came to me that the theory behind these lister bags (big canvas bags the army uses for water in the field) is that evaporation of the water keeps the water cool the same as when a person sweats and is cooled by standing in a breeze. - So - - - - how to make my canteen sweat? - Simple, - just soak my canteen cover - (felt) and see what happens. - Success! - Now my water is cool when I want a drink! - Now you see - that goes clear back to when I studied physics! - So, hum, - what will crop up next? If this keeps up, maybe I'll find a use for my "Little Birdie in the sky, etc"!

It sure seems nice to be getting letters once more. - It matters not that the news is sort stale - it's a word from home and that's what counts. - I believe I told you of receiving some mail ca, ofc. at my other station. - One was from Sister, "a V mail" written day after Ma's birthday. Yesterday I got another V mail - also from Sister, bless her, - written day before Ma's birthday! - Oh, well. - I'll overlook such discrepancies! - just keep 'em comin'!

You should have been around last night. - Everyone got to talking and it all wound up with everyone telling just what he would like to eat, if he at that minute could get anything he wanted! - What do you think won? - Not steak, as is usual. - Ice cold milk and a tie between chocolate cake, pie, and dough-nuts! - It's funny how our sense of values change - I think most any one of us would pay $5 for a qt of milk or ice-cream and you folks back in the states are probably griping about the outlandish price of 15 cents a qt. for milk! - What a world!

Now why did I ever start this page? - I'm plainly writ out, and I meant to stop on the last page but couldn't seem to shut off the ink supply from this pen soon enough! - Well - I'll stop now and see what else I can think of.

Lots of Love,
Frank